



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600085516U

293 9. 4

$$= A \cdot \pi \cdot \frac{1971}{2}$$







## Library of Old Authors.





THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

PRINCE OF POETS,

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LANGUAGE TRULY TRANSLATED,

WITH A COMMENT ON SOME OF HIS

CHIEF PLACES.

DONE ACCORDING TO THE GREEK

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M. A.

VOLUME II.

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,  
SOHO SQUARE.

1865.

293. g. 4.





THE  
THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (in pity of the Greeks' hard plight)  
Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces doth excite,  
And others, to repel the charging foe.  
Idomenëus bravely doth bestow  
His kingly forces, and doth sacrifice  
Othryonëus to the Destinies,  
With divers others. Fair Deiphobus,  
And his prophetic brother Helenus,  
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,<sup>\*</sup>  
Gath'ring his forces, heartens their address  
Against the enemy; and then the field  
A mighty death on either side doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

The Greeks, with Troy's bold pow'r dismay'd,  
Are cheer'd by Neptune's secret aid.



OVE helping Hector, and his host, thus close to th' Achive  
fleet,  
He let them then their own strengths try, and season there  
their sweet

With ceaseless toils and grievances; for now he turn'd his face,  
Look'd down, and view'd the far-off land of well-rode men in Thrace,

\* Hector.

Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the Hippemolgians,  
 Long-liv'd, most just, and innocent, and close-fought Mysians. 5  
 Nor turn'd he any more to Troy his ever-shining eyes,  
 Because he thought not any one, of all the Deities,  
 When his care left th' indiff'rent field, would aid on either side.  
 But this security in Jove the great Sea-Rector spied,  
 Who sat aloft on th' utmost top of shady Samothrace, 10  
 And view'd the fight. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,  
 That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida, did appear  
 To his full view; who from the sea was therefore seated there.  
 He took much ruth to see the Greeks by Troy sustain such ill,  
 And, mightily incens'd with Jove, stoop'd straight from that steep hill,  
 That shook as he flew off, so hard his parting press'd the height. 15  
 The woods, and all the great hills near, trembled beneath the weight  
 Of his immortal moving feet. Three steps he only took,  
 Before he far-off Ægas reach'd, but, with the fourth, it shook  
 With his dread entry. In the depth of those seas he did hold  
 His bright and glorious palace, built of never-rusting gold;  
 And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds,  
 All golden-maned, and pac'd with wings; and all in golden weeds  
 He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge, most elegantly done, 20  
 He took, and mounted to his seat; and then the God begun  
 To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits ev'ry way  
 The whales exulted under him, and knew their king; the sea  
 For joy did open; and, his horse so swift and lightly flew,  
 The under axletree of brass no drop of water drew; 25  
 And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships.  
 'Twixt th' Imber cliffs and Tenedos, a certain cavern creeps  
 Into the deep sea's gulfy breast, and there th' Earth-shaker stay'd  
 His forward steeds, took them from coach, and heav'nly fodder laid

<sup>8</sup> See Commentary.

<sup>9</sup> *Indifferent—impartial.* See Bk. vi. Argument.

<sup>10</sup> Neptune.

<sup>24</sup> *Pac'd with wings*—with wings on their feet, paces.

In reach before them ; their brass hoves he girt with gyves of gold, 35  
 Not to be broken, nor dissolv'd, to make them firmly hold  
 A fit attendance on their king ; who went to th' Achive host,  
 Which, like to tempests or wild flames, the clust'ring Trojans tost,  
 Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like command, 39  
 High sounding, and resounding, shouts ; for hope cheer'd every hand,  
 To make the Greek fleet now their prise, and all the Greeks destroy.  
 But Neptune, circler of the earth, with fresh heart did employ  
 The Grecian hands. In strength of voice and body he did take  
 Calchas' resemblance, and, of all, th' Ajaces first bespake,  
 Who of themselves were free enough : " Ajaces, you alone 45  
 Sustain the common good of Greece, in ever putting on  
 The memory of fortitude, and flying shameful flight.  
 Elsewhere the desp'rate hands of Troy could give me no affright,  
 The brave Greeks have withstood their worst ; but this our mighty wall  
 Being thus transcended by their pow'r, grave fear doth much appall 50  
 My careful spirits, lest we feel some fatal mischief here,  
 Where Hector, raging like a flame, doth in his charge appear,  
 And boasts himself the best God's son. Be you conceited so,  
 And fire so, more than human spirits, that God may seem to do  
 In your deeds, and, with such thoughts cheer'd, others to such exhort,  
 And such resistance ; these great minds will in as great a sort 56  
 Strengthen your bodies, and force check to all great Hector's charge,  
 Though ne'er so spirit-like, and though Jove still, past himself, enlarge  
 His sacred actions." Thus he touch'd, with his fork'd sceptre's point,  
 The breasts of both ; fill'd both their spirits, and made up every joint 60  
 With pow'r responsive ; when, hawk-like, swift, and set sharp to fly,  
 That fiercely stooping from a rock, inaccessible and high,  
 Cuts through a field, and sets a fowl (not being of her kind)  
 Hard, and gets ground still ; Neptune so left these two, either's mind  
 Beyond themselves rais'd. Of both which, Oileus first discern'd 65  
 The masking Deity, and said : " Ajax, some God hath warn'd

35 *Hoves*—hoofs.

39 i. e. Jove's son.

Our pow'rs to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the hue  
 Of th' augur Calchas. By his pace, in leaving us, I knew,  
 Without all question, 'twas a God; the Gods are eas'ly known;  
 And in my tender breast I feel a greater spirit blown,  
 To execute affairs of fight; I find my hands so free  
 To all high motion, and my feet seem feather'd under me." 70  
 This Telamonius thus receiv'd: "So, to my thoughts, my hands  
 Burn with desire to toss my lance; each foot beneath me stands  
 Bare on bright fire, to use his speed; my heart is rais'd so high  
 That to encounter Hector's self, I long insatiately." 75

While these thus talk'd, as overjoy'd with study for the fight,  
 (Which God had stirr'd up in their spirits) the same God did excite  
 The Greeks that were behind at fleet, refreshing their free hearts  
 And joints, being ev'n dissolv'd with toil; and (seeing the deep'rare  
 parts 80

Play'd by the Trojans past their wall) grief strook them, and their eyes  
 Sweat tears from under their sad lids, their instant destinies  
 Never supposing they could 'scape. But Neptune, stepping in,  
 With ease stirr'd up the able troops, and did at first begin  
 With Teucer, and Penelëus, th' heroë Leitus,  
 Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilochus, 85  
 All expert in the deeds of arms: "O youths of Greece," said he,  
 "What change is this? In your brave fight, I only look'd to see  
 Our fleet's whole safety; and, if you neglect the harmful field,  
 Now shines the day when Greece to Troy must all her honours yield.  
 O grief! So great a miracle, and horrible to sight,  
 As now I see, I never thought could have profan'd the light! 91  
 The Trojans brave us at our ships, that have been heretofore  
 Like faint and fearful deer in woods, distracted evermore  
 With ev'ry sound, and yet 'scape not, but prove the torn up fare  
 Of lynxes, wolves, and lœopards, as never born to war. 95

<sup>90</sup> *Lœopards*.—Leo-pards, the true pronunciation. So camelo-pard. See Bk. xvii. 15.

Nor durst these Trojans at first siege, in any least degree,  
Expect your strength, or stand one shock of Grecian chivalry ;  
Yet now, far from their walls, they dare fight at our fleet maintain,  
All by our Gen'ral's cowardice, that doth infect his men 100  
Who, still at odds with him, for that will needs themselves neglect,  
And suffer slaughter in their ships. Suppose there was defect  
(Beyond all question) in our king, to wrong *Æacides*,  
And he, for his particular wreak, from all assistance cease ;  
We must not cease t' assist ourselves. Forgive our Gen'ral then, 105  
And quickly too. Apt to forgive are all good-minded men.  
Yet you, quite void of their good minds, give good, in you quite lost,  
For ill in others, though ye be the worthiest of your host.  
As old as I am, I would scorn, to fight with one that flies,  
Or leaves the fight as you do now. The Gen'ral slothful lies, 110  
And you, though slothful too, maintain with him a fight of spleen.  
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart. Ye rotten-minded men,  
In this ye add an ill that's worse than all your sloth's dislikes.  
But as I know to all your hearts my reprehension strikes,  
So thither let just shame strike too ; for while you stand still here 115  
A mighty fight swarms at your fleet, great Hector rageth there,  
Hath burst the long bar and the gates." Thus Neptune rous'd these  
men.

And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain  
Their station firm ; whom Mars himself, had he amongst them gone,  
Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on ; 120  
For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance  
Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lin'd with lance,  
Shields thicken'd with oppos'd shields, targets to targets nail'd,  
Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew, they so close assail'd,  
Plum'd casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their 125  
stands,  
Their lances stood, thrust out so thick by such all-daring hands.

\*\* *Expect*—await.

\*\* See Commentary.

All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy  
 Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and Hector first of Troy.  
 And as a round piece of a rock, which with a winter's flood  
 Is from his top torn, when a show'r, pour'd from a bursten cloud, 130  
 Hath broke the natural bond it held within the rough steep rock,  
 And, jumping, it flies down the woods, resounding every shock,  
 And on, uncheck'd, it headlong leaps, till in a plain it stay,  
 And then, though never so impell'd, it stirs not any way ;  
 So Hector hereto throated threats, to go to sea in blood, 135  
 And reach the Grecian ships and tents, without being once withstood.  
 But when he fell into the strengths the Grecians did maintain,  
 And that they fought upon the square, he stood as fetter'd then ;  
 And so the adverse sons of Greece laid on with swords and darts,  
 Whose both ends hurt, that they repell'd his worst ; and he converts 141  
 His threats, by all means, to retreats ; yet made as he retir'd,  
 Only t' encourage those behind ; and thus those men inspir'd :

“ Trojans ! Dardanians ! Lycians ! All warlike friends, stand close ;  
 The Greeks can never bear me long, though tow'r-like they oppose.  
 This lance, be sure, will be their spoil ; if ev'n the best of Gods, 145  
 High thund'ring Juno's husband, stirs my spirit with true abodes.”

With this all strengths and minds he mov'd ; but young Deiphobus,  
 Old Priam's son, amongst them all was chiefly virtuous.  
 He bore before him his round shield, tripp'd lightly through the prease,  
 At all parts cover'd with his shield ; and him Meriones 150  
 Charg'd with a glitt'ring dart, that took his bull-hide orby shield,  
 Yet pierc'd it not, but in the top itself did piecemeal yield.

Deiphobus thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends  
 Of strong Meriones's lance, who now turn'd to his friends ;

<sup>138</sup> Upon the square—in squares.

<sup>146</sup> Abodes—omens, prognostications. *Infrà*, 226. Shakespeare uses “ abode-  
 ment ” in a similar manner, —

“ Tush, man, abodes must not now affright us.”—3 *Henry VI.* iv. 7.  
 The verb is common.

<sup>148</sup> Virtuous—in the classical sense of “ valorous.”

OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

11

The great heroë scorning much by such a chance to part  
With lance and conquest, forth he went to fetch another dart,  
Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the clamour heighten'd there  
Was most unmeasur'd. Teucer first did flesh the massacre,  
And slew a goodly man at arms, the soldier Imbrius,  
The son of Mentor, rich in horse ; he dwelt at Pedausus  
Before the sons of Greece sieg'd Troy ; from whence he married  
Medesicaste, one that sprung of Priam's bastard-bed ;  
But when the Greek ships, double-oar'd, arriv'd at Ilion,  
To Ilion he return'd, and prov'd beyond comparison  
Amongst the Trojans ; he was lodg'd with Priam, who held dear  
His natural sons no more than him ; yet him, beneath the ear,  
The son of Telamon attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell,  
As when an ash on some hill's top (itself topp'd wondrous well)  
The steel hews down, and he presents his young leaves to the soil ;  
So fell he, and his fair arms groan'd, which Teucer long'd to spoil,  
And in he ran ; and Hector in, who sent a shining lance  
At Teucer, who, beholding it, slipp'd by, and gave it chance  
On Actor's son, Amphimachus, whose breast it strook ; and in  
Flew Hector, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win  
The tempting helmet from his head ; but Ajax with a dart  
Reach'd Hector at his rushing in, yet touch'd not any part  
About his body ; it was hid quite through with horrid brass ;  
The boss yet of his targe it took, whose firm stuff stay'd the pass,  
And he turn'd safe from both the trunks ; both which the Grecians bore  
From off the field. Amphimachus Menestheus did restore,  
And Stichius, to th' Achaian strength. Th' Ajaces (that were pleas'd  
Still most with most hot services) on Trojan Imbrius seiz'd.  
And as from sharply-bitten hounds, a brace of lions force  
A new-slain goat, and through the woods bear in their jaws the corse  
Aloft, lift up into the air ; so, up into the skies,  
Bore both th' Ajaces Imbrius, and made his arms their prise.

<sup>165</sup> *Natural*—legitimate. See Bk. iii. 259. <sup>167</sup> *Attain'd*.—See Bk. xi. 175.

Yet, not content, Oiliades, enrag'd to see there dead  
 His much-belov'd Amphimachus, he hew'd off Imbrius' head ;  
 Which, swinging round, bowl-like he toss'd amongst the Trojan prease,  
 And full at Hector's feet it fell. Amphimachus' deccase, 190  
 Being nephew to the God of waves, much vex'd the Deity's mind,  
 And to the ships and tents he march'd, yet more to make inclin'd  
 The Grecians to the Trojan bane. In hasting to which end,  
 Idomenëus met with him, returning from a friend,  
 Whose ham late hurt, his men brought off ; and having giv'n command  
 To his physicians for his cure, much fir'd to put his hand 196  
 To Troy's repulse, he lef't his tent. Him (like Andremon's son,  
 Prince Thoas, that in Pleuron rul'd, and lofty Calydon,  
 Th' Ætolian pow'rs, and like a God was of his subjects lov'd)  
 Neptune encounter'd, and but thus his forward spirit mov'd : 200  
 “ Idomenëus, prince of Crete ! O whither now are fled  
 Those threats in thee, with which the rest the Trojans menac'd ? ”  
 “ O Thoas,” he replied, “ no one of all our host stands now  
 In any question of reproof, as I am let to know.  
 And why is my intelligence false ? We all know how to fight, 205  
 And, (fear disanimating none) all do our knowledge right.  
 Nor can our harms accuse our sloth, not one from work we miss.  
 The great God only works our ill, whose pleasure now it is  
 That, far from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,  
 Some Greeks should perish. But do thou, O Thoas, that of late 210  
 Hast prov'd a soldier, and was wont, where thou hast sloth beheld,  
 To chide it, and exhort to pains, now hate to be repell'd,  
 And set on all men.” He replied, “ I would to heav'n, that he,  
 Whoever this day doth abstain from battle willingly,  
 May never turn his face from Troy, but here become the prey 215  
 And scorn of dogs ! Come then, take arms, and let our kind assay  
 Join both our forces. Though but two, yet, being both combin'd,  
 The work of many single hands we may perform. We find,  
 That virtue co-augmented thrives in men of little mind,

<sup>200</sup> The second folio has “ *this* ” for “ *thus*. ”

But we have singly match'd the great." This said, the God again, 220  
With all his conflicts, visited the vent'rous fight of men.

The king turn'd to his tent; rich arms put on his breast, and took  
Two darts in hand, and forth he flew. His haste on made him look  
Much like a fi'ry meteor, with which Jove's sulph'ry hand  
Opes heav'n, and hurls about the air bright flashes, showing aland 225  
Abodes that ever run before tempest and plagues to men;  
So, in his swift pace, show'd his arms. He was encounter'd then  
By his good friend Meriones yet near his tent; to whom  
Thus spake the pow'r of Idomen: "What reason makes thee come,  
Thou son of Molus, my most lov'd, thus leaving fight alone? 230  
Is't for some wound? The jav'lin's head, still sticking in the bone,  
Desir'st thou ease of? Bring'st thou news? Or what is it that brings  
Thy presence hither? Be assur'd, my spirit needs no stings  
To this hot conflict. Of myself thou seest I come, and loth,  
For any tent's love, to deserve the hateful taint of sloth." 235

He answer'd: Only for a dart, he that retreat did make,  
(Were any left him at his tent) for, that he had, he brake  
On proud Deiphobus's shield. "Is one dart all?" said he,  
"Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be;  
They stand there shining by the walls. I took them as my prise 240  
From those false Trojans I have slain. And this is not the guise  
Of one that loves his tent, or fights afar off with his foe,  
But since I love fight, therefore doth my martial star bestow,  
Besides those darts, helms, targets boss'd, and corslets bright as day."

"So I," said Merion, "at my tent, and sable bark, may say, 245  
I many Trojan spoils retain, but now not near they be,  
To serve me for my present use; and therefore ask I thee.  
Not that I lack a fortitude to store me with my own,  
For ever in the foremost fights, that render men renown,

<sup>225</sup> *Aland*—on land.

<sup>226</sup> *Abodes*.—Suprà, 146.

<sup>227</sup> *Stings*.—Bk. VIII. 253.

<sup>228</sup> *Taint*.—Thus Shakespeare,—

"Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure

The *taints* and blames I laid upon myself."—*Macbeth*, IV. 3.

I fight, when any fight doth stir. And this perhaps may well 230  
Be hid to others, but thou know'st, and I to thee appeal."

"I know," replied the king, " how much thou weigh'st in ev'ry  
worth,

What need'st thou therefore utter this ? If we should now choose forth  
The worthiest men for ambuses, in all our fleet and host,

(For ambuses are services that try men's virtues most, 235

Since there the fearful and the firm will, as they are, appear,

The fearful alt'ring still his hue, and rests not anywhere,

Nor is his spirit capable of th' ambush constancy,

But riseth, changeth still his place, and croucheth curiously

On his bent haunches ; half his height scarce seen above the ground,

For fear to be seen, yet must see ; his heart, with many a bound, 241

Off'ring to leap out of his breast, and, ever fearing death,

The coldness of it makes him gnash, and half shakes out his teeth ;

Where men of valour neither fear, nor ever change their looks,

From lodging th' ambush till it rise, but, since there must be strokes,

Wish to be quickly in their midst) thy strength and hand in these 246

Who should reprove ? For if, far off, or fighting in the prease,

Thou shouldst be wounded, I am sure the dart that gave the wound

Should not be drawn out of thy back, or make thy neck the ground,

But meet thy belly, or thy breast, in thrusting further yet 270

When thou art furthest, till the first, and before him, thou get.

But on ; like children let not us stand bragging thus, but do ;

Lest some hear, and past measure chide, that we stand still and woo.

Go, choose a better dart, and make Mars yield a better chance."

This said, Mars-swift Meriones, with haste, a brazen lance 275

Took from his tent, and overtook, most careful of the wars,

Idomenëus. And such two, in field, as harmful Mars,

And Terror, his belovéd son, that without terror fights,

And is of such strength that in war the frighter he affrights,

When, out of Thrace, they both take arms against th' Ephyran bands,

Or 'gainst the great-soul'd Phlegians, nor favour their own hands, 281

But give the grace to others still ; in such sort to the fight,  
March'd these two managers of men, in armours full of light.

And first spake Merion : " On which part, son of Deucalion,  
Serves thy mind to invade the fight ? Is't best to set upon  
The Trojans, in our battle's aid, the right or left-hand wing,  
For all parts I suppose employ'd ? " To this the Cretan king  
Thus answer'd : " In our navy's midst are others that assist ;  
The two Ajaces ; Teucer too, with shafts the expertest

Of all the Grecians, and, though small, is great in fights of stand ;  
And these (though huge he be of strength) will serve to fill the hand  
Of Hector's self, that Priamist, that studier for blows.

It shall be call'd a deed of height for him (ev'n suff'ring throes  
For knocks still) to outlabour them, and, bett'ring their tough hands,  
Enflame our fleet. If Jove himself cast not his firebrands  
Amongst our navy, that affair no man can bring to field.

Great Ajax Telamonius to none alive will yield  
That yields to death, and whose life takes Ceres' nutritiōns,  
That can be cut with any iron, or pash'd with mighty stones ;  
Not to Æacides himself he yields for combats set,  
Though clear he must give place for pace and free swing of his feet.  
Since then, the battle (being our place of most care) is made good  
By his high valour, let our aid see all pow'rs be withstood  
That charge the left wing, and to that let us direct our course,  
Where quickly feel we this hot foe, or make him feel our force." 305

This order'd, swift Meriones went, and forewent his king,  
Till both arriv'd where one enjoin'd. When, in the Greeks' left wing,  
The Trojans saw the Cretan king, like fire in fortitude,  
And his attendant, in bright arms so gloriously indu'd,  
Both cheering the sinister troops, all at the king address'd,  
And so the skirmish at their sterns on both parts were increas'd,

<sup>302</sup> *Hector's self*.—The second folio has " *Hector's life*."

<sup>303</sup> *Firebrands*.—Chapman pronounced *fire* here as a dissyllable, and prints *fier-brands*.

That, as from hollow bustling winds engender'd storms arise,  
 When dust doth chiefly clog the ways which up into the skies  
 The wanton tempest ravisheth, begetting night of day ;  
 So came together both the foes, both lusted to assay,      315  
 And work with quick steel either's death. Man's fierce corruptress, Fight,  
 Set up her bristles in the field with lances long and light,  
 Which thick fell foul on either's face. The splendour of the steel,  
 In new-scour'd curets, radiant casques, and burnish'd shields, did seal  
 Th' assailer's eyes up. He sustain'd a huge spirit, that was glad      320  
 To see that labour, or in soul that stood not stricken sad.

Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old Saturn's mighty sons,  
 Afflicted these heroic men with huge oppressions.  
 Jove honouring *Æacides* (to let the Greeks still try  
 Their want without him) would bestow, yet still, the victory      325  
 On Hector, and the Trojan pow'r ; yet for *Æacides*,  
 And honour of his mother-queen, great Goddess of the seas,  
 He would not let proud Ilion see the Grecians quite destroy'd,  
 And therefore from the hoary deep he suffer'd so employ'd  
 Great Neptune in the Grecian aid ; who griev'd for them, and storm'd  
 Extremely at his brother Jove. Yet both one Goddess form'd,      331  
 And one soil bred, but Jupiter precedence took in birth,  
 And had more knowledge ; for which cause, the other came not forth  
 Of his wet kingdom, but with care of not being seen t' excite  
 The Grecian host, and like a man appear'd, and made the fight.      335  
 So these Gods made men's valours great, but equalld them with war  
 As harmful as their hearts were good ; and stretch'd those chains as far

<sup>319</sup> *Seel.*—See note on Bk. xvi. 314.

<sup>322</sup> “ The empire of Jove exceeded Neptune's (saith Plut. upon this place) because he was more ancient, and excellent in knowledge and wisdom ; and upon this verse, viz. *ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος*, &c. sets down this his most worthy to be noted opinion : viz. I think also that the blessedness of eternal life, which God enjoys is this : that by any past time He forgets not notions presently apprehended ; for otherwise, the knowledge and understanding of things taken away, immortality should not be life, but time, &c. (Plut. de Iside et Osiride.) ”

CHAPMAN.

On both sides as their limbs could bear, in which they were involv'd  
Past breach, or loosing, that their knees might therefore be dissolv'd.  
Then, though a half-grey man he were, Crete's sov'reign did excite  
The Greeks to blows, and flew upon the Trojans, even to flight; 311  
For he, in sight of all the host, Othryonëus slew,  
That from Cabesus, with the fame of those wars, thither drew  
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without respect of dow'r,  
Cassandra, fair'st of Priam's race; assuring with his pow'r, 345  
A mighty labour, to expell, in their despite, from Troy  
The sons of Greece. The king did vow, that done, he should enjoy  
His goodliest daughter. He (in trust of that fair purchase) fought;  
And at him threw the Cretan king a lance, that singled out  
This great assumer, whom it strook just in his navel-stead. 350  
His brazen curets helping nought, resign'd him to the dead.  
Then did the conqueror exclaim, and thus insulted then:  
“ Othryonëus, I will praise, beyond all mortal men,  
Thy living virtues, if thou wilt now perfect the brave vow  
Thou mad'st to Priam, for the wife he promis'd to bestow. 355  
And where he should have kept his word, there we assure thee here,  
To give thee for thy princely wife the fairest and most dear  
Of our great Gen'ral's female race, which from his Argive hall  
We all will wait upon to Troy, if, with our aids, and all,  
Thou wilt but raze this well-built town. Come, therefore, follow me,  
That in our ships we may conclude this royal match with thee. 361  
I'll be no jot worse than my word.” With that he took his feet,  
And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; in which did Asius meet  
The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before  
His horse, that on his shoulders breath'd; so closely evermore 365  
His coachman led them to his lord; who held a huge desire  
To strike the king, but he strook first, and underneath his chin,  
At his throat's height, through th' other side, his eager lance drove in;

And down he bustled like an oak, a poplar, or a pine,  
 Hewn down for shipwood, and so lay. His fall did so decline 270  
 The spirit of his charioteer, that, lest he should incense  
 The victor to impair his spoil, he durst not drive from thence  
 His horse and chariot; and so pleas'd, with that respective part,  
 Antilochus, that for his fear he reach'd him with a dart  
 About his belly's midst, and down his sad corse fell beneath 275  
 The richly builded chariot, there labouring out his breath.  
 The horse Antilochus took off; when, griev'd for this event,  
 Deiphobus drew passing near, and at the victor sent  
 A shining jav'lin; which he saw, and shunn'd, with gath'ring round  
 His body in his all-round shield, at whose top, with a sound, 280  
 It overflow'd; yet, seizing there, it did not idly fly  
 From him that wing'd it, his strong hand still drove it mortally  
 On prince Hypsenor; it did pierce his liver, underneath  
 The veins it passeth; his shrunk knees submitted him to death.  
 And then did lov'd Deiphobus miraculously vaunt: 285  
 "Now Asius lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his spirit want  
 The joy I wish it, though it be now ent'ring the strong gate  
 Of mighty Pluto, since this hand hath sent him down a mate."

This glory in him griev'd the Greeks, and chiefly the great mind  
 Of martial Antilochus, who though to grief inclin'd, 290  
 He left not yet his friend, but ran and hid him with his shield;  
 And to him came two lovely friends, that freed him from the field,  
 Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the right nobly born  
 Alastor, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourn.

Idomenëus sunk not yet, but held his nerves entire, 295  
 His mind much less deficient, being fed with firm desire  
 To hide more Trojans in dim night, or sink himself in guard  
 Of his lov'd countrymen. And then Alcathous prepar'd  
 Work for his valour, off'ring fate his own destruction.  
 A great heroë, and had grace to be the lov'd son 300

Of *Æsyetes*, son-in-law to prince *Æneas*' sire,  
Hippodamia marrying ; who most enflam'd the fire  
Of her dear parents' love, and took precedence in her birth  
Of all their daughters, and as much exceeded in her worth  
(For beauty answer'd with her mind, and both with housewif'ry) 405  
All the fair beauty of young dames that us'd her company,  
And therefore, being the worthiest dame, the worthiest man did wed  
Of ample Troy. Him Neptune stoop'd beneath the royal force  
Of Idomen, his sparkling eyes deluding, and the course  
Of his illustrious lineaments so out of nature bound, 410  
That back nor forward he could stir, but, as he grew to ground,  
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mov'd, nor fear'd ;  
When straight the royal Cretan's dart in his mid breast appear'd,  
It brake the curets, that were proof to ev'ry other dart,  
Yet now they cleft and rung ; the lance stuck shaking in his heart ;  
His heart with panting made it shake ; but Mars did now remit 416  
The greatness of it, and the king, now quitting the brag fit  
Of glory in Deiphobus, thus terribly exclaim'd :  
“ Deiphobus, now may we think that we are ev'nly fam'd,  
That three for one have sent to Dis. But come, change blows with  
me, 420  
Thy vaunts for him thou slew'st were vain. Come, wretch, that thou  
may'st see  
What issue Jove hath. Jove begot Minos, the strength of Crete ;  
Minos begot Deucalion ; Deucalion did beget  
Me Idomen, now Creta's king, that here my ships have brought  
To bring thyself, thy father, friends, all Ilion's pomp, to nought.” 425  
Deiphobus at two ways stood, in doubt to call some one,  
With some retreat, to be his aid, or try the chance alone.  
At last, the first seem'd best to him, and back he went to call  
Anchises' son to friend, who stood in troop the last of all,  
Where still he serv'd ; which made him still incense against the king,  
That, being amongst his best their peer, he grac'd not anything 430

His wrong'd deserts. Deiphobus spake to him, standing near :  
 “ *Æneas*, prince of Trojans, if any touch appear  
 Of glory in thee, thou must now assist thy sister's lord,  
 And one that to thy tend'rest youth did careful guard afford,      433  
*Alcathous*, whom Creta's king hath chiefly slain to thee,  
 His right most challenging thy hand. Come, therefore, follow me.”

This much excited his good mind, and set his heart on fire  
 Against the Cretan, who child-like dissolv'd not in his ire,  
 But stood him firm. As when in hills a strength-relying boar,      440  
 Alone, and hearing hunters come, whom tumult flies before,  
 Up-thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,  
 And in his brave prepar'd repulse doth dogs and men despise ;  
 So stood the famous-for-his-lance, nor shunn'd the coming charge  
 That resolute *Æneas* brought. Yet, since the odds was large,      445  
 He call'd with good right to his aid war-skill'd Ascalaphus,  
*Aphareüs*, Meriones, the strong Deipyrus,  
 And Nestor's honourable son : “ Come near, my friends,” said he,  
 “ And add your aids to me alone. Fear taints me worthily,  
 Though firm I stand, and show it not. *Æneas* great in fight,      450  
 And one that bears youth in his flow'r, that bears the greatest might,  
 Comes on with aim direct at me. Had I his youthful limb  
 To bear my mind, he should yield fame, or I would yield it him.”

This said, all held, in many souls, one ready helpful mind,  
 Clapp'd shields and shoulders, and stood close. *Æneas*, not inclin'd  
 With more presumption than the king, call'd aid as well as he,      456  
 Divine Agenor, Helen's love, who follow'd instantly,  
 And all their forces following them ; as after bell-wethers  
 The whole flocks follow to their drink, which sight the shepherd  
 cheers.

Nor was *Æneas'* joy less mov'd to see such troops attend      460  
 His honour'd person ; and all these fought close about his friend ;  
 But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed  
 The blood of either ; Idomen, and Cytherea's seed.

Aeneas first bestow'd his lance, which th' other seeing shunn'd,  
 And that, thrown from an idle hand, stuck trembling in the ground.  
 But Idomen's, discharg'd at him, had no such vain success, 466  
 Which *Enomaus*' entrails found, in which it did impress  
 His sharp pile to his fall ; his palms tore his returning earth.  
 Idomenëus straight stepp'd in, and pluck'd his jav'lin forth,  
 But could not spoil his goodly arms, they press'd him so with darts. 470  
 And now the long toil of the fight had spent his vig'rous parts,  
 And made them less apt to avoid the foe that should advance,  
 Or, when himself advanc'd again, to run and fetch his lance,  
 And therefore in stiff fights of stand he spent the cruel day.  
 When, coming softly from the slain, Deiphobus gave way 475  
 To his bright jav'lin at the king, whom he could never brook ;  
 But then he lost his envy too. His lance yet deadly took  
 Ascalaphus, the son of Mars ; quite through his shoulder flew  
 The violent head, and down he fell. Nor yet by all means knew  
 Wide-throated Mars his son was fall'n, but in Olympus' top 480  
 Sat canopied with golden clouds ; Jove's counsel had shut up  
 Both him and all the other Gods from that time's equal task,  
 Which now, about Ascalaphus, strife set. His shining casque  
 Deiphobus had forc'd from him, but instantly leap'd in  
 Mars-swift Meriones, and strook, with his long javelin, 485  
 The right arm of Deiphobus, which made his hand let fall  
 The sharp-topp'd helmet ; the press'd earth resounding therewithall.  
 When, vulture-like, Meriones rush'd in again and drew,  
 From out the low part of his arm his jav'lin, and then flew  
 Back to his friends. Deiphobus, faint with the blood's excess 490  
 Fall'n from his wound, was carefully convey'd out of the press  
 By his kind brother by both sides, Polites, till they gat  
 His horse and chariot that were still set fit for his retreat,

<sup>477</sup> *Envoy.*—The word seems here to mean *aim*. Chapman perhaps used it as “*envoyé*,” something *hurled* or *thrust* (see Cotgrave). Or he might have meant simply *wish, desire* (French “*envie*”).

And bore him now to Ilion. The rest fought fiercely on,  
 And set a mighty fight on foot. When next, Anchises' son 495  
 Aphareus Calestorides, that ran upon him, strook  
 Just in the throat with his keen lance ; and straight his head forsook  
 His upright carriage ; and his shield, his helm, and all, with him  
 Fell to the earth ; where ruinous death made prise of ev'ry limb.  
 Antilochus, discov'ring well that Thoon's heart took check, 500  
 Let fly, and cut the hollow vein, that runs up to his neck,  
 Along his back part, quite in twain ; down in the dust he fell,  
 Upwards, and, with extended hands, bade all the world farewell.  
 Antilochus rush'd nimbly in, and, looking round, made prise  
 Of his fair arms ; in which affair his round-set enemies 505  
 Let fly their lances, thundering on his advanc'd targe,  
 But could not get his flesh. The God that shakes the earth took charge  
 Of Nestor's son and kept him safe ; who never was away,  
 But still amongst the thickest foes his busy lance did play,  
 Observing ever when he might, far off, or near, offend ; 510  
 And watching Asius' son, in please he spied him, and did send,  
 Close coming on, a dart at him, that smote in midst his shield,  
 In which the sharp head of the lance the blue-hair'd God made yield,  
 Not pleas'd to yield his pupil's life ; in whose shield half the dart  
 Stuck like a truncheon burn'd with fire ; on earth lay th' other part. 515  
 He, seeing no better end of all, retir'd in fear of worse,  
 But him Meriones pursu'd ; and his lance found full course  
 To th' other's life. It wounded him betwixt the privy parts  
 And navel, where, to wretched men that war's most violent smarts  
 Must undergo, wounds chiefly vex. His dart Meriones 520  
 Pursu'd, and Adamas so striv'd with it, and his mis-ease,  
 As doth a bullock puff and storm, whom in disdain'd bands  
 The upland herdsmen strive to cast ; so, fall'n beneath the hands  
 Of his stern foe, Asiades did struggle, pant, and rave.  
 But no long time ; for when the lance was pluck'd out, up he gave 525

<sup>510</sup> *Offend*—(Latin) strike.

His tortur'd soul. Then Troy's turn came ; when with a Thracian sword

The temples of Deipyrus did Helenus afford  
 So huge a blow, it strook all light out of his cloudy eyes,  
 And cleft his helmet ; which a Greek, there fighting, made his prise,  
 It fell so full beneath his feet. Atrides griev'd to see 530  
 That sight, and, threat'ning, shook a lance at Helenus, and he  
 A bow half drew at him ; at once out flew both shaft and lance.  
 The shaft Atrides' curets strook ; and far away did glance.  
 Atrides' dart of Helenus the thrust out bow-hand strook,  
 And, through the hand, stuck in the bow. Agenor's hand did pluck 535  
 From forth the nail'd prisoner the jav'lin quickly out ;  
 And fairly, with a little wool, enwrapping round about  
 The wounded hand, within a scarf he bore it, which his squire  
 Had ready for him. Yet the wound would needs he should retire.

Pisander, to revenge his hurt, right on the king ran he. 540  
 A bloody fate suggested him to let him run on thee,  
 O Menelaus, that he might, by thee, in dang'rous war  
 Be done to death. Both coming on, Atrides' lance did err.  
 Pisander strook Atrides' shield, that brake at point the dart  
 Not running through ; yet he rejoic'd as playing a victor's part. 545  
 Atrides, drawing his fair sword, upon Pisander flew ;  
 Pisander, from beneath his shield, his goodly weapon drew,  
 Two-edg'd, with right sharp steel, and long, the handle olive-tree,  
 Well-polish'd ; and to blows they go. Upon the top strook he  
 Atrides' horse-hair'd-feather'd helm ; Atrides on his brow, 550  
 Above th' extreme part of his nose, laid such a heavy blow  
 That all the bones crash'd under it, and out his eyes did drop  
 Before his feet in bloody dust ; he after, and shrunk up  
 His dying body, which the foot of his triumphing foe  
 Open'd, and stood upon his breast, and off his arms did go, 555

<sup>530</sup> *Scarf*.—See Commentary.

<sup>531</sup> *His nose*.—The second folio has “*the nose*.”

This insultation us'd the while : “ At length forsake our fleet,  
 Thus ye false Trojans, to whom war never enough is sweet.  
 Nor want ye more impieties, with which ye have abus'd  
 Me, ye bold dogs, that your chief friends so honourably us'd.  
 Nor fear you hospitable Jove, that lets such thunders go.      560  
 But build upon't, he will unbuild your tow'rs that clamber so,  
 For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flow'r of all her years,  
 And without cause ; nay, when that fair and lib'ral hand of hers  
 Had us'd you so most lovingly. And now again ye would  
 Cast fire into our fleet, and kill our princes if ye could.      565  
 Go to, one day you will be curb'd, though never so ye thirst  
 Rude war, by war. O father Jove, they say thou art the first  
 In wisdom of all Gods and men, yet all this comes from thee,  
 And still thou gratifiest these men, how lewd so e'er they be,  
 Though never they be cloy'd with sins, nor can be satiate,      570  
 As good men should, with this vile war. Satiety of state,  
 Satiety of sleep and love, satiety of ease,  
 Of music, dancing, can find place ; yet harsh war still must please  
 Past all these pleasures, ev'n past these. They will be cloy'd with these  
 Before their war joys. Never war gives Troy satieties.”      575

This said, the bloody arms were off, and to his soldiers thrown,  
 He mixing in first fight again. And then Harpalion,  
 Kind king Pylæmen's son, gave charge ; who to those wars of Troy  
 His lovèd father followèd, nor ever did enjoy  
 His country's sight again. He strook the targe of Atreus' son      580  
 Full in the midst ; his jav'lin's steel yet had no pow'r to run  
 The target through ; nor had himself the heart to fetch his lance,  
 But took him to his strength, and cast on ev'ry side a glance,  
 Lest any his dear sides should dart. But Merion, as he fled,  
 Sent after him a brazen lance, that ran his eager head      585  
 Through his right hip, and all along the bladder's régión  
 Beneath the bone ; it settled him, and set his spirit gone

<sup>556</sup> See Commentary.

Amongst the hands of his best friends ; and like a worm he lay  
 Stretch'd on the earth, which his black blood imbru'd, and flow'd away.  
 His corse the Paphlagonians did sadly wait upon, 590  
 Repos'd in his rich chariot, to sacred Ilion ;  
 The king his father following, dissolv'd in kindly tears,  
 And no wreak sought for his slain son. But, at his slaughterers  
 Incenséd Paris spent a lance, since he had been a guest  
 To many Paphlagonians ; and through the prease it press'd: 595  
 There was a certain augur's son, that did for wealth excell,  
 And yet was honest ; he was born, and did at Corinth dwell ;  
 Who, though he knew his harmful fate, would needs his ship ascend.  
 His father, Polyidus, oft would tell him that his end  
 Would either seize him at his house, upon a sharp disease, 600  
 Or else among the Grecian ships by Trojans slain. Both these  
 Together he desir'd to shun ; but the disease, at last,  
 And ling'ring death in it, he left, and war's quick stroke embrac'd.  
 The lance betwixt his ear and cheek ran in, and drove the mind 604  
 Of both those bitter fortunes out. Night strook his whole pow'rs blind.  
 Thus fought they, like the spirit of fire ; nor Jove-lov'd Hector knew  
 How in the fleet's left wing the Greeks his down-put soldiers slew  
 Almost to victory ; the God that shakes the earth so well  
 Help'd with his own strength, and the Greeks so fiercely did impell. 609  
 Yet Hector made the first place good, where both the ports and wall  
 (The thick rank of the Greek shields broke) he enter'd, and did skall,  
 Where on the gray sea's shore were drawn (the wall being there but  
 slight)  
 Protesilaus' ships, and those of Ajax, where the fight  
 Of men and horse were sharpest set. There the Boeotian bands,  
 Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and, brave men of their hands, 615  
 The Phthian and Epeian troops did spritefully assail  
 The god-like Hector rushing in ; and yet could not prevail

<sup>611</sup> Shall—scale. So printed doubtless for the rhyme's sake.

<sup>615</sup> Iaons.—"By *Iaons* (for *Ionians*) he intends the *Athenians*."—CHARPENT.

To his repulse, though choicest men of Athens there made head ;  
 Amongst whom was Menestheus' chief, whom Phidias follow'd,  
 Stichius and Bias, huge in strength. Th' Epeian troops were led 630  
 By Meges' and Phylides' cares, Amphion, Dracius.  
 Before the Phthians Medon march'd, and Meneptolemus ;  
 And these, with the Boeotian pow'rs, bore up the fleet's defence.  
 Oileus by his brother's side stood close, and would not thence  
 For any moment of that time. But, as through fallow fields 635  
 Black oxen draw a well-join'd plough, and either ev'nly yields  
 His thrifty labour, all heads couch'd so close to earth they plow  
 The fallow with their horns, till out the sweat begins to flow,  
 The stretch'd yokes crack, and yet at last the furrow forth is driven ;  
 So toughly stood these to their task, and made their work as even. 640

But Ajax Telamonius had many helpful men  
 That, when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then  
 Help bear his mighty sev'n-fold shield ; when swift Oiliades  
 The Locrians left, and would not make those murth'rous fights of prease,  
 Because they wore no bright steel casques, nor bristled plumes for  
 show, 645

Round shields, nor darts of solid ash, but with the trusty bow,  
 And jacks well-quilted with soft wool, they came to Troy, and were,  
 In their fit place, as confident as those that fought so near,  
 And reach'd their foes so thick with shafts, that these were they that brake  
 The Trojan orders first ; and then, the brave arm'd men did make 650  
 Good work with their close fights before. Behind whom, having shot,  
 The Locrians hid still ; and their foes all thought of fight forgot  
 With shows of those far-striking shafts, their eyes were troubled so.  
 And then, assur'dly, from the ships, and tents, th' insulting foe  
 Had miserably fled to Troy, had not Polydamas

645  
 Thus spake to Hector : " Hector, still impossible 'tis to pass  
 Good counsel upon you. But say some God prefers thy deeds,  
 In counsels wouldest thou pass us too ? In all things none exceeds.

<sup>650</sup> *Jacks*—jerkins used by archers. See Chapman's Commentary on this line.

To some God gives the pow'r of war, to some the sleight to dance,  
To some the art of instruments, some doth for voice advance ; 650  
And that far-seeing God grants some the wisdom of the mind,  
Which no man can keep to himself, that, though but few can find,  
Doth profit many, that preserves the public weal and state,  
And that, who hath, he best can prize. But, for me, I'll relate  
Only my censure what's our best. The very crown of war 655  
Doth burn about thee ; yet our men, when they have reach'd thus far,  
Suppose their valours crown'd, and cease. A few still stir their feet,  
And so a few with many fight, sperst thinly through the fleet.  
Retire then, leave speech to the rout, and all thy princes call,  
That, here, in counsels of most weight, we may resolve of all, 660  
If having likelihood to believe that God will conquest give,  
We shall charge through ; or with this grace, make our retreat, and  
live.

For, I must needs affirm, I fear, the debt of yesterday  
(Since war is such a God of change) the Grecians now will pay.  
And since th' insatiate man of war remains at fleet, if there 665  
We tempt his safety, no hour more his hot soul can forbear."

This sound stuff Hector lik'd, approv'd, jump'd from his chariot,  
And said : " Polydamas make good this place, and suffer not  
One prince to pass it ; I myself will there go, where you see  
Those friends in skirmish, and return (when they have heard from me  
Command that your advice obeys) with utmost speed." This said, 671  
With day-bright arms, white plume, white scarf, his goodly limbs array'd,  
He parted from them, like a hill, removing, all of snow,  
And to the Trojan peers and chiefs he flew, to let them know  
The counsel of Polydamas. All turn'd, and did rejoice, 675  
To haste to Panthus' gentle son, being call'd by Hector's voice ;

<sup>as</sup> *Censure*—opinion, judgment (Latin). See Bk. xiv. 81.

"Madam, and you, my sister, will you go  
To give your *censures* in this weighty business ? "

SHAKESPEARE. Rich. III. ii. 2.

Who, through the forefights making way, look'd for Deiphobus,  
 King Helenus, Asiades, Hyrtasian Asius,  
 Of whom, some were not to be found unhurt, or undeceas'd,  
 Some only hurt, and gone from field. As further he address'd, 680  
 He found within the fight's left wing the fair-hair'd Helen's love  
 By all means moving men to blows ; which could by no means move  
 Hector's forbearance, his friends' miss so put his pow'r's in storm,  
 But thus in wonted terms he chid : " You with the finest form,  
 Impostor, woman's man ! where are, in your care mark'd, all these,  
 Deiphobus, King Helenus, Asius Hyrtacides, 686  
 Othryonëus, Acamas ? Now haughty Ilion  
 Shakes to his lowest groundwork. Now just ruin falls upon  
 Thy head past rescue." He replied : " Hector, why chid'st thou now,  
 When I am guiltless ? Other times, there are for ease, I know, 690  
 Than these, for she that brought thee forth, not utterly left me  
 Without some portion of thy spirit, to make me brother thee.  
 But since thou first brought'st in thy force, to this our naval fight,  
 I and my friends have ceaseless fought, to do thy service right.  
 But all those friends thou seek'st are slain ; excepting Helenus, 695  
 Who parted wounded in his hand, and so Deiphobus ;  
 Jove yet averted death from them. And now lead thou as far  
 As thy great heart affects, all we will second any war  
 That thou endurest ; and I hope, my own strength is not lost ;  
 Though least, I'll fight it to his best ; nor further fights the most." 700  
 This calm'd hot Hector's spleen ; and both turn'd where they saw the  
 face  
 Of war most fierce, and that was where their friends made good the place  
 About renom'd Polydamas, and god-like Polypæt,  
 Palmus, Ascanius, Morus that Hippotion did beget,  
 And from Ascania's wealthy fields but ev'n the day before 705  
 Arriv'd at Troy, that with their aid they kindly might restore  
 Some kindness they receiv'd from thence. And in fierce fight with these,  
 Phaloes and tall Orthæus stood, and bold Cebriones.

And then the doubt that in advice Polydamas disclos'd,  
 To fight or fly, Jove took away, and all to fight dispos'd. 710

And as the floods of troubled air to pitchy storms increase  
 That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,  
 Encount'ring with abhorréd roars, when the engrosséd waves  
 Boil into foam, and endlessly one after other raves ;  
 So rank'd and guarded th' Ilians march'd ; some now, more now, and then  
 More upon more, in shining steel ; now captains, then their men. 716

And Hector, like man-killing Mars, advanc'd before them all,  
 His huge round target before him, through thicken'd, like a wall,  
 With hides well-couch'd with store of brass ; and on his temples shin'd  
 His bright helm, on which danc'd his plume ; and in this horrid kind,  
 (All hid within his world-like shield) he ev'ry troop assay'd 721  
 For entry, that in his despite stood firm and undismay'd.

Which when he saw, and kept more off, Ajax came stalking then,  
 And thus provok'd him : " O good man, why fright'st thou thus our  
 men ?

Come nearer. Not art's want in war makes us thus navy-bound, 725  
 But Jove's direct scourge ; his arm'd hand makes our hands give you  
 ground.

Yet thou hop'st, of thyself, our spoil. But we have likewise hands  
 To hold our own, as you to spoil ; and ere thy countermands  
 Stand good against our ransack'd fleet, your hugely-peopled town  
 Our hands shall take in, and her tow'rs from all their heights pull down.  
 And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt cry 731  
 To Jove and all the Gods to make thy fair-man'd horses fly  
 More swift than falcons, that their hoofs may rouse the dust, and bear  
 Thy body, hid, to Ilion." This said, his bold words were  
 Confirm'd as soon as spoke. Jove's bird, the high-flown eagle, took  
 The right hand of their host ; whose wings high acclamations strook 736

<sup>719</sup> *Couched*—laid close to one another. Bk. xvii. 235.

" And, over all, with brazen scales was arm'd  
 Like plated coat of steel, so couch'd near,  
 That nought might pierce."—SPENSER. F. Q.

From forth the glad breasts of the Greeks. Then Hector made reply:  
“Vain-spoken man, and glorious, what hast thou said? Would I  
As surely were the son of Jove, and of great Juno born,  
Adorn'd like Pallas, and the God that lifts to earth the morn, 740  
As this day shall bring harmful light to all your host, and thou,  
If thou dar'st stand this lance, the earth before the shipes shalt strow,  
Thy bosom torn up, and the dogs, with all the fowl of Troy,  
Be satiate with thy fat and flesh.” This said, with shouting joy 744  
His first troops follow'd, and the last their shouts with shouts repell'd.  
Greece answer'd all, nor could her spirits from all show rest conceal'd.  
And to so infinite a height all acclamations strove,  
They reach'd the splendours stuck about the unreach'd throne of Jove.

<sup>740</sup> *Glorious*—(Latin) boasting.

<sup>744</sup> *Unreach'd*—that cannot be reached.



## COMMENTARIUS.

5. **A** Γανῶν Ἰππημολγῶν, &c., *illistrum Hippemolgorum*: Γλακτοφάγων, *lacte vescentium*, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Heasus (who I think translated Homer into hexameters out of Valla's prose) take ἀγανῶν, the epithet to Ἰππημολγῶν, for a nation so called, and Ἰππημολγῶν, Γλακτοφάγων ἀβίων τε translates, *utque sine ullis divitiis equino victitat lacte*; intending *gens Agavorum*, which he takes for those just men of life likewise which Homer commends; utterly mistaking ἀγανὸς, signifying *praclarus* or *illistris*, whose genitive case plural is used here; and the word, epithet to Ἰππημολγῶν, together signifying *illistrum Hippemolgorum*, and they being bred, and continually fed with milk (which the next word γλακτοφάγων signifies) Homer calls *most just, long-lived, and innocent*, in the words ἀβίων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων—ἀβίος signifying *longævus, ab a epitatico, and bīoς vita*, but of some *inops*, being a compound *ex a privat.*, and *bīoς* *victus*: and from thence had Valla his interpretation, *utque sine ullis divitiis*; but where is *equino lacte*? But not to show their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach, that men brought up with that gentle and soft-spirit-begetting milk are long lived, and in nature most just and innocent. Which kind of food the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration *De Esu Carnium*, seems to prefer before the food of flesh, where he saith: “By this means also tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides, for (as amongst the Athenians) first they put to death the most notorious and vilest sycophant Epitedeius, so the second, and third; then, being accustomed to blood, they slew good like bad, as

Niceratus, the emperor Theramenes, Polemarchus the philosopher, &c. So, at the first, men killed some harmful beast or other, then some kind of fowl, some fish ; till taught by these, and stirred up with the lust of their palates, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious ox, the man-clothing or adorning sheep, the house-guarding cock, &c., and by little and little cloyed with these, war, and the food of men, men fell to, &c."

118. *Αμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας, &c.*, *Circum autem Ajaces, &c.* To judgment of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound judgments to condemnation of one Panædes, a judge of games on Olympus, whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamnictor his son celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not only for strength and swiftness, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this general Contention came Homer and Hesiodus, who casting down verses on both parts, and of all measures (Homer by all consents questionless obtaining the garland) Panædes bade both recite briefly their best ; for which Hesiodus cited these verses, which, as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his Second Book of Works and Days :\*

When Atlas birth (the Pleiades) arise,  
Harvest begin ; plough, when they leave the skies.  
Twice twenty nights and days these hide their heads,  
The year then turning, leave again their beds,  
And show when first to whet the harvest steel.  
This likewise is the field's law, where men dwell  
Near Neptune's empire, and where, far away,  
The winding valleys fly the flowing sea,  
And men inhabit the fat region.  
There naked plough, sow naked, nak'd cut down,  
If Ceres' labours thou wilt timely use,  
That timely fruits, and timely revenues,  
Serve thee at all parts, lest, at any, Need  
Send thee to others' grudging doors to feed, &c.

These verses, howsoever Spondanus stands for Homer's, in respect of

\* Chapman published a Translation of the "Georgics of Hesiod," 4to. London 1618, which is now very rare. Warton was not aware of the existence of this volume, and supposed the present lines to be the sole *published* specimen of Chapman's Hesiod. (See Hist. Engl. Poet. III. 360, ed. 1840.) The version possesses much merit. It will be found in the fifth volume of this edition of *Chapman's Translations*.

the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times' judgments. Homer's verses are these:—

—Thus Neptune rous'd these men.  
 And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain  
 Their station firm, whom Mars himself (had he amongst them gone)  
 Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on.  
 For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance  
 Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lin'd with lance,  
 Shields thicken'd with opposed shields, targets to targets nail'd,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew they so close assail'd,  
 Plum'd casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their stands,  
 Their lances stood, thrust home so thick, by such all-daring hands.  
 All bent their firm breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy  
 Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and Hector first of Troy.  
 And as a round piece of a rock, &c.

Which martial verses, though they are as high as may be for their place and end of our Homer, are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor think I the Contention of any part true, Homer being affirmed by good authours to be a hundred years before Hesiodus; and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being near in blood to him. And this, for some variety in your delight, I thought not amiss to insert here.

536. Σφενδόν, the Commentors translate in this place *funda*, most untruly, there being no slings spoken of in all these Iliads, nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this book will appear more apparent. But here, and in this place, to translate the word *funda* (though most commonly it signifieth so much) is most ridiculous; Σφενδόν likewise signifying *ornamentum quoddam muliebre*, which therefore I translate *a scarf*, a fitter thing to hang his arm in than a sling, and likely that his squire carried about him, either as a favour of his own mistress, or his master's, or for either's ornament, scarfs being no unusual wear for soldiers.

536. Λειψετέ θην οὐτω, &c. *Relinquetis demum sic, &c.* At length forsake our fleet, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with clear notes) of Menelaus' ridiculous character. This very beginning of his insultation, in the manner of it, preparing it, and the simply uttered

upbraids of the Trojans following, confirming it most ingeniously. First, that the Trojans ravished his wife in the flower of her years, calling her *κουριδίνη ἀλοχον*, which Spondanus translateth *virginem uxorem*, being here to be translated *juvenilem uxorem* (*κουρίδιος* signifying *juvenilis*) but they will have it *virginem*; because Homer must be taxed with ignorance of what the next age after Troy's siege revealed of the age before, in which Theseus is remembered first to have ravished Helen, and that, by Theseus, Iphigenia was begotten of her; which being granted, maketh much against Homer, if you mark it, for making Menelaus think yet he married her a virgin, if Spondanus' translation should pass. First, no man being so simple to think that the Poet thinketh always as he maketh others speak; and next, it being no very strange or rare credulity in men to believe they marry maids, when they do not; much more such a man made for the purpose as Menelaus, whose good husbandly imagination of his wife's maidenhood at their marriage, I hope, answereth at full the most foolish taxation of Homer's ignorance. In which a man may wonder at these learned Critics' overlearnedness, and what ropes of sand they make with their kind of intelligencing knowledge; I mean in such as abuse the name of Critics, as many versers do of Poets; the rest for their industries I reverence. But all this time I lose my collection of Menelaus' silly and ridiculous upbraids here given to the Trojans. First (as above said) for ravishing his wife in the flower of her years:—when should a man play such a part but then?—though indeed poor Menelaus had the more wrong or loss in it, and yet Paris the more reason. He added then, and without cause or injury, a most sharp one in Homer, and in Menelaus as much ridiculous; as though lovers looked for more cause in their love-suits than the beauties of their beloved; or that men were made cuckolds only for spite, or revenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed Menelaus' true simplicity is this, to think harms should not be done without harms foregoing (no not in these unsmarting harms) making him well deserve his epithet *ἀγαθός*. Yet further see how his pure imbecility prevaileth: and how by a thread Homer cutteth him out here, *ἐπεὶ φιλέσσει παρ' αὐτῷ, postquam amice*

*tractati fructis apud ipsam, after ye had been kindly entertained at her hands.* I hope you will think nothing could encourage them more than that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part, and how ingeniously Homer giveth him still some colour of reason for his senselessness, which colour yet is enough to deceive our commentors; they find not yet the tame figure of our horned; but they and all translators still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. “*And now*” (saith our simplician) “*you would again show your iniquities, even to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleet, and killing our princes if you could.*” Would any man think this in an enemy, and such an enemy as the Trojans? Chide enemies in arms for offering to hurt their enemies? Would you have yet plainer this good king’s simplicity? But his slughters sometimes, and wise words, are those mists our Homer casteth before the eyes of his readers, that hindereth their prospects to his more constant and predominant softness and simplicity. Which he doth, imagining his understanding readers’ eyes more sharp than not to see pervially through them; and yet, would not have these great ones themselves need so subtle flatteries but that every shadow of their worth might remove all the substance of their worthlessness. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcock, and yet, lest it prove still too thick for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproof he crieth out against Jupiter, saying, *ἢ τέ σε φασὶ περὶ φέρεις ἐμμεναι ἀλλων* *profectò te aiunt sapientiā* (*vel circa mentem*) *superare cæteros homines atque deos*; wherein he affirmeth that men say so, building, poor man, even that unknown secret to himself upon others, and now, I hope, showeth himself empty enough. But, lest you should say I strive to illustrate the sun, and make clear a thing plain, hear how dark and perplexed a riddle it showeth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent scholar, and Homer’s commentor; whose words upon this speech are these: *Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus* (intending in Antenor’s speech, lib. iii. unto which I pray you turn) *cujus hic luculentum exemplum habes.* Vehemens

autem est ejus hoc loco oratio, ut qui injuriarum sibi à Trojanis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, quā præsens eorumdem in Graecos impetum exacerbavit. Primum itaque in Trojanos invehitur, et eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitumiri comminatur. Deinde, per apostrophem, ad Jovem conqueritur de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus Trojani vehementer inflammantur. Would any man believe this serious blindness in so great a scholar? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but all the rest of our most profaned and holy Homer's traducers.

637. Καὶ εὐστρόφῳ οἰδὲ ἀώτῳ, &c. et bene torta ovis lana (or rather, bene torto ovis flore.) *Definitio fundæ* (saith Spondanus) *vel potius periphrastica descriptio.* *The definition, or rather paraphrastical description of a sling.* A most unsufferable exposition; not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the services expressed in these Iliads. It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour called a *jack*, that all our archers used to serve in of old, and were ever quilted with wool, and (because εὐστρόφος signifieth as well *qui facilis motu versabatur et circumagitur*, as well as *bene vel pulchre tortus*) for their lightness and aptness to be worn, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides note the words that follow, which are: ταρφία βάλλοντες, and ὅπισθεν\* βάλλοντες, &c. *frequenter jacientes, and à tergo jacientes, shooting, striking, or wounding so thick, and at the backs of the armed men, not hurling;* here being no talk of any stones, but only συνεκλόνεον γὰρ διστοὶ, *conturbabant enim sagitte.* And when saw any man slings lined with wool? To keep their stones warm? Or to dull their delivery? And I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them. The agreement of the Greeks with our English, as well in all other their greatest virtues, as this skill with their bows, other places of these annotations shall clearly demonstrate, and give, in my conceit, no little honour to our country.

\* "Metri causâ usurpatur ὅπισθεν."—CHAPMAN.



THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES, to behold the skirmish, brings  
Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.  
Juno (receiving of the Cyprian dame  
Her Cestus,<sup>\*</sup> whence her sweet enticements came)  
Descends to Somnus, and gets him to bind  
The pow'rs of Jove with sleep, to free her mind.  
Neptune assists the Greeks, and of the foe  
Slaughter inflicts a mighty overthrow.  
Ajax so sore strikes Hector with a stone,  
It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In ~~Z~~ with sleep, and bed, heav'n's Queen  
Ev'n Jove himself makes overseen. †



OT wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chains on old  
Nestor's ear  
To this high clamour, who requir'd Machaon's thoughts  
to bear

His care in part, about the cause ; " For, methink, still," said he,  
" The cry increases. I must needs the watchtow'r mount, to see

\* The Cestus, or magic girdle of Venus.

† *Overseen*—deceived.

<sup>1</sup> " This first verse (after the first four syllables) is to be read as one of our  
tens."—CHAPMAN.

Which way the flood of war doth drive. Still drink thou wine, and eat,  
 Till fair-hair'd Hecamed hath giv'n a little water heat 6  
 To cleanse the quittance from thy wound." This said, the goodly shield  
 Of warlike Thrasymed, his son, who had his own in field,  
 He took, snatch'd up a mighty lance, and so stept forth to view  
 Cause of that clamour. Instantly th' unworthy cause he knew, 10  
 The Grecians wholly put in rout, the Trojans routing still,  
 Close at the Greeks' backs, their wall raz'd. The old man mourn'd this ill;  
 And, as when with unwieldy waves the great sea forefeels winds  
 That both ways murmur, and no way her certain current finds,  
 But pants and swells confusedly, here goes, and there will stay, 15  
 Till on it air casts one firm wind, and then it rolls away;  
 So stood old Nestor in debate, two thoughts at once on wing  
 In his discourse, if first to take direct course to the king,  
 Or to the multitude in fight. At last he did conclude  
 To visit Agamemnon first. Mean time both hosts imbrued 20  
 Their steel in one another's blood, nought wrought their healths but harms,  
 Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their arms.  
 And now the Jove-kept kings, whose wounds were yet in cure, did meet  
 Old Nestor, Diomed, Ithacus, and Atreus' son, from fleet  
 Bent for the fight which was far off, the ships being drawn to shore 25  
 On heaps at first, till all their sterns a wall was rais'd before,  
 Which, though not great, it yet suffic'd to hide them, though their men  
 Were something straited; for whose scope, in form of battle then,  
 They drew them through the spacious shore, one by another still,  
 Till all the bosom of the strand their sable bulks did fill, 30  
 Ev'n till they took up all the space 'twixt both the promont'ries.  
 These kings, like Nestor, in desire to know for what those cries  
 Became so violent, came along, all leaning on their darts,  
 To see, though not of pow'r to fight, sad and suspicious hearts

<sup>7</sup> *Quittance*—discharge, issue.

<sup>12</sup> " *Forefeels*—feels beforehand. There is no more expressive description of that swelling of waves that portends a coming storm than is contained in this single word."—COOKE TAYLOR.

Distemp'ring them ; and, meeting now Nestor, the king in fear      35  
Cried out : " O Nestor our renown ! Why shows thy presence here,  
The harmful fight abandonéd ? Now Hector will make good  
The threat'ning vow he made, I fear, that, till he had our blood,  
And fir'd our fleet, he never more would turn to Ilion.  
Nor is it long, I see, before his whole will will be done.      40  
O Gods ! I now see all the Greeks put on Achilles' ire  
Against my honour ; no mean left to keep our fleet from fire."

He answer'd : " Tis an evident truth, not Jove himself can now,  
With all the thunder in his hands, prevent our overthrow.  
The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more than Jove,      45  
Is scal'd, raz'd, enter'd ; and our pow'rs (driv'n up) past breathing, prove  
A most inevitable fight ; both slaughterers so commix'd,  
That for your life you cannot put your diligent'st thought betwixt  
The Greeks and Trojans, and as close their throats cleave to the sky.  
Consult we then, if that will serve. For fight advise not I ;      50  
It fits not wounded men to fight." Atrides answer'd him :  
" If such a wall as cost the Greeks so many a tiréd limb,  
And such a dike be pass'd, and raz'd, that, as yourself said well,  
We all esteem'd invincible, and would past doubt repell  
The world from both our fleet and us ; it doth directly show      55  
That here Jove vows our shames and deaths. I evermore did know  
His hand from ours when he help'd us, and now I see as clear  
That, like the blessed Gods, he holds our hated enemies dear,  
Supports their arms, and pinions ours. Conclude then, 'tis in vain  
To strive with him. Our ships drawn up, now let us launch again,      60  
And keep at anchor till calm night, that then, perhaps, our foes  
May calm their storms, and in that time our scape we may dispose.  
' It is not any shame to fly from ill, although by night.  
Known ill he better does that flies, than he it takes in fight.' "

Ulysses frown'd on him, and said : " Accurs'd, why talk'st thou thus ?  
Would thou hadst led some barb'rous host, and not commanded us      65

“ These two lines are in inverted commas in both folios.

Whom Jove made soldiers from our youth, that age might scorn to fly  
 From any charge it undertakes, and ev'ry dazzled eye  
 The honour'd hand of war might close. Thus wouldest thou leave this  
 town,

For which our many mis'ries felt entitle it our own ? 70  
 Peace, lest some other Greek give ear, and hear a sentence such  
 As no man's palate should profane ; at least that knew how much  
 His own right weigh'd, and being a prince, and such a prince as bears  
 Rule of so many Greeks as thou. This counsel loathes mine ears,  
 Let others toil in fight and cries, and we so light of heels 75  
 Upon their very noise, and groans, to hoise away our keels.  
 Thus we should fit the wish of Troy, that, being something near  
 The victory, we give it clear ; and we were sure to bear  
 A slaughter to the utmost man, for no man will sustain  
 A stroke, the fleet gone, but at that, look still, and wish him slain. 80  
 And therefore, prince of men, be sure, thy censure is unfit."

" O Ithacus," replied the king, " thy bitter terms have smit  
 My heart in sunder. At no hand, 'gainst any prince's will  
 Do I command this. Would to God, that any man of skill  
 To give a better counsel would, or old, or younger man ! 85  
 My voice should gladly go with his." Then Diomed began :

" The man not far is, nor shall ask much labour to bring in,  
 That willingly would speak his thoughts, if spoken they might win  
 Fit ear, and suffer no impair, that I discover them,  
 Being youngest of you ; since my sire, that heir'd a diadem, 90  
 May make my speech to diadems decent enough, though he  
 Lies in his sepulchre at Thebes. I boast this pedigree :  
 Portheus three famous sons begot, that in high Calydon  
 And Pleuron kept, with state of kings, their habitatiōn ;  
 Agrius, Melas, and the third the horseman Oeneus,  
 My father's father, that excell'd in actions generous 95

<sup>78</sup> *Let others*—i. e. to let others, &c.

<sup>81</sup> See Commentary.

<sup>81</sup> *Censure*.—Bk. xiii. 653.

<sup>82</sup> See Commentary.

The other two. But these kept home, my father being driv'n  
With wand'ring and advent'rous spirits, for so the Kiug of heav'n  
And th' other Gods set down their wills, and he to Argos came,  
Where he begun the world, and dwelt. There marrying a dame, 100  
One of Adrastus' female race, he kept a royal house,  
For he had great demesnes, good land, and, being industrious,  
He planted many orchard-grounds about his house, and bred  
Great store of sheep. Besides all this, he was well qualitied,  
And pass'd all Argives, for his spear. And these digressive things 105  
Are such as you may well endure, since (being deriv'd from kings,  
And kings not poor nor virtueless) you cannot hold me base,  
Nor scorn my words, which oft, though true, in mean men meet  
disgrace.

However, they are these in short: Let us be seen at fight,  
And yield to strong necessity, though wounded, that our sight 110  
May set those men on that, of late, have to Achilles' spleen  
Been too indulgent, and left blows; but be we only seen,  
Not come within the reach of darts, lest wound on wound we lay;  
Which rev'rend Nestor's speech implied, and so far him obey."

This counsel gladly all observ'd, went on, Atrides led. 115  
Nor Neptune this advantage lost, but closely followéd,  
And like an aged man appear'd t' Atrides; whose right hand  
He seiz'd, and said: "Atrides, this doth passing fitly stand  
With stern Achilles' wreakful spirit, that he can stand astern  
His ship, and both in fight and death the Grecian bane discern, 120  
Since not in his breast glows one spark of any human mind.  
But be that his own bane. Let God by that loss make him find  
How vile a thing he is. For know, the blest Gods have not giv'n  
Thee ever over, but perhaps the Trojans may from heav'n  
Receive that justice. Nay, 'tis sure, and thou shalt see their falls, 125  
Your fleet soon freed, and for fights here they glad to take their walls."

<sup>104</sup> *Qualitied*.—I do not remember to have met with this word elsewhere. Todd quotes "Hales' Lett. from the Synod of Durt, (1618) p. 36."

This said, he made known who he was, and parted with a cry  
As if ten thousand men had join'd in battle then, so high  
His throat flew through the host; and so this great Earth-shaking God  
Cheer'd up the Greek hearts, that they wish their pains no period. 130

Saturnia from Olympus' top saw her great brother there,  
And her great husband's brother too, exciting ev'rywhere  
The glorious spirits of the Greeks; which as she joy'd to see,  
So, on the fountful Ida's top, Jove's sight did disagree  
With her contentment, since she fear'd that his hand would descend,  
And check the Sea-god's practices. And this she did contend 136  
How to prevent, which thus seem'd best: To deck her curiously,  
And visit the Idalian hill, that so the Lightner's eye  
She might enamour with her looks, and his high temples steep,  
Ev'n to his wisdom, in the kind and golden juice of sleep. 140  
So took she chamber, which her son, the God of ferrary,  
With firm doors made, being join'd close, and with a privy key  
That no God could command but Jove; where, enter'd, she made fast  
The shining gates, and then upon her lovely body cast  
Ambrosia, that first made it clear, and after laid on it 145  
An od'rous, rich, and sacred oil, that was so wondrous sweet  
That ever, when it was but touch'd, it sweeten'd heav'n and earth.  
Her body being cleans'd with this, her tresses she let forth,  
And comb'd, her comb dipp'd in the oil, then wrapp'd them up in curls;  
And, thus her deathless head adorn'd, a heav'ly veil she hurls 150  
On her white shoulders, wrought by Her that rules in housewif'ries,  
Who wove it full of antique works, of most divine device;  
And this with goodly clasps of gold she fasten'd to her breast.  
Then with a girdle, whose rich sphere a hundred studs impress'd,  
She girt her small waist. In her ears, tenderly pierc'd, she wore 155  
Pearls, great and orient. On her head, a wreath not worn before  
Cast beams out like the sun. At last, she to her feet did tie  
Fair shoes. And thus entire attir'd, she shin'd in open sky,

<sup>111</sup> *Ferrary*—the art of working in iron. A word coined, probably, by Chapman.

Call'd the fair Paphian Queen apart from th' other Gods, and said :  
" Lov'd daughter ! Should I ask a grace, should I, or be obey'd ? 160  
Or wouldest thou cross me, being incens'd, since I cross thee and take  
The Greeks' part, thy hand helping Troy ?" She answer'd, " That  
shall make

No diff'rence in a diff'rent cause. Ask, ancient Deity,  
What most contents thee. My mind stands inclin'd as liberally  
To grant it as thine own to ask ; provided that it be 165  
A favour fit and in my pow'r." She, giv'n deceitfully,  
Thus said : " Then give me those two pow'rs, with which both men and Gods  
Thou vanquishest, Love and Desire ; for now the periods  
Of all the many-feeding earth, and the original  
Of all the Gods, Oceanus, and Thetis whom we call 170  
Our Mother, I am going to greet. They nurst me in their court,  
And brought me up, receiving me in most respectful sort  
From Phœa, when Jove under earth and the unfruitful seas  
Cast Saturn. These I go to see, intending to appease  
Jars grown betwixt them, having long abstain'd from speech and bed ;  
Which jars, could I so reconcile, that in their anger's stead 176  
I could place love, and so renew their first society,  
I should their best lov'd be esteem'd, and honour'd endlessly."

She answer'd : " 'Tis not fit, nor just, thy will should be denied,  
Whom Jove in his embraces holds." This spoken, she untied, 180  
And from her od'rous bosom took, her Ceston, in whose sphere  
Were all enticements to delight, all loves, all longings were,  
Kind conference, fair speech, whose pow'r the wisest doth inflame.  
This she resigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name :

“ Receive this bridle, thus fair-wrought, and put it 'twixt thy breasts,  
Where all things to be done are done ; and whatsoever rests 185  
In thy desire return with it." The great-ey'd Juno smil'd,  
And put it 'twixt her breasts. Love's Queen, thus cunningly beguil'd,  
To Jove's court flew. Saturnia, straight stooping from heav'n's height,  
Pieria and Emathia, those countries of delight, 190

Soon reach'd, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiers dwell,  
 Approaching, pass'd their tops untouched. From Athos then she fell,  
 Pass'd all the broad sea, and arriv'd in Lemnos, at the tow'rs  
 Of godlike Thoas, where she met the Prince of all men's pow'rs,  
 Death's brother, Sleep; whose hand she took, and said: "Thou king of men,  
 Prince of the Gods too, if before thou heard'st my suits, again 198  
 Give helpful ear, and through all times I'll offer thanks to thee.  
 Lay slumber on Jove's fi'ry eyes, that I may comfort me  
 With his embraces; for which grace I'll grace thee with a throne  
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done 200  
 By Mulciber, to which he forg'd a footstool for the ease  
 Of thy soft feet, when wine and feasts thy golden humours please."

Sweet Sleep replied: "Saturnia, there lives not any God,  
 Besides Jove, but I would becalm; aye if it were the Flood,  
 That fathers all the Deities, the great Oceanus; 205  
 But Jove we dare not come more near, than he commandeth us.  
 Now you command me as you did, when Jove's great-minded son,  
 Alcides, having sack'd the town of stubborn Ilion,  
 Took sail from thence; when by your charge I pour'd about Jove's mind  
 A pleasing slumber, calming him, till thou drav'st up the wind, 210  
 In all his cruelties, to sea, that set his son ashore  
 In Cous, far from all his friends. Which, waking, vex'd so sore  
 The supreme Godhead, that he cast the Gods about the sky,  
 And me, above them all, he sought, whom he had utterly  
 Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament, if all-gods-taming Night 215  
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffer'd his despite,  
 And not preserv'd me; but his wrath with my offence dispens'd,  
 For fear t' offend her, and so ceas'd, though never so incens'd.  
 And now another such escape, you wish I should prepare."

She answer'd: "What hath thy deep rest to do with his deep care?  
 As though Jove's love to Ilion in all degrees were such 221  
 As 'twas to Hercules his son, and so would storm as much

<sup>210</sup> The second folio, followed in its error by Dr. Taylor, has "draw'st up."

For their displeasure as for his? Away, I will remove  
Thy fear with giving thee the dame, that thou didst ever love,  
One of the fair young Graces born, divine Pasithae." 225

This started Somnus into joy, who answer'd: "Swear to me,  
By those inviolable springs, that feed the Stygian lake,  
With one hand touch the nourishing earth, and in the other take  
The marble sea, that all the Gods, of the infernal state,  
Which circle Saturn, may to us be witnesses, and rate 230  
What thou hast vow'd; That with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me,  
The dame I grant I ever lov'd, divine Pasithae."

She swore, as he enjoin'd, in all, and strengthen'd all his joys  
By naming all th' infernal Gods, surnam'd the Titanois.

The oath thus taken, both took way, and made their quick repair 235  
To Ida from the town, and isle, all hid in liquid air.  
At Lecton first they left the sea, and there the land they trod;  
The fountful nurse of savages, with all her woods, did nod  
Beneath their feet; there Somnus stay'd, lest Jove's bright eye should see,  
And yet, that he might see to Jove, he climb'd the goodliest tree 240  
That all th' Idalian mountain bred, and crown'd her progeny,  
A fir it was, that shot past air, and kiss'd the burning sky;  
There sate he hid in his dark arms, and in the shape withall  
Of that continual prating bird, whom all the Deities call  
Chalcis, but men Cymmindis name. Saturnia tripp'd apace, 245  
Up to the top of Gargarus, and show'd her heav'nly face  
To Jupiter, who saw, and lov'd, and with as hot a fire,  
Being curious in her tempting view, as when with first desire  
(The pleasure of it being stol'n) they mix'd in love and bed;  
And, gazing on her still, he said: "Saturnia, what hath bred 250  
This haste in thee from our high court, and whither tends thy gait,  
That, void of horse and chariot, fit for thy sov'reign state,  
Thou lackiest here?" Her studied fraud replied: "My journey now  
Leaves state and labours to do good; and where in right I owe

<sup>223</sup> *Lackiest*—to *lackey*, to attend on foot.

All kindness to the Sire of Gods, and our good Mother Queen      255  
 That nurst and kept me curiously in court (since both have been  
 Long time at discord) my desire is to atone their hearts ;  
 And therefore go I now to see those earth's extremest parts.  
 For whose far-seat I spar'd my horse the scaling of this hill,  
 And left them at the foot of it ; for they must taste their fill      260  
 Of travail with me, and must draw my coach through earth and seas.  
 Whose far-intended reach, respect, and care not to displease  
 Thy graces, made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave."

The cloud-compelling God her guile in this sort did receive :  
 " Juno, thou shalt have after leave, but, ere so far thou stray,      265  
 Convert we our kind thoughts to love, that now doth ev'ry way  
 Circle with victory my pow'rs, nor yet with any dame,  
 Woman, or Goddess, did his fires my bosom so inflame  
 As now with thee. Not when it lov'd the parts so generous  
 Ixion's wife had, that brought forth the wise Pirithous ;      270  
 Nor when the lovely dame *Acrisius*' daughter stirr'd  
 My amorous pow'rs, that Perseus bore to all men else preferr'd ;  
 Nor when the dame, that Phenix got, surpris'd me with her sight,  
 Who the divine-soul'd Rhadamanth and Minos brought to light ;  
 Nor Semele, that bore to me the joy of mortal men,      275  
 The sprightly Bacchus ; nor the dame that Thebes renown'd then,  
 Alcmena, that bore Hercules ; Latona, so renown'd ;  
 Queen Ceres, with the golden hair ; nor thy fair eyes did wound  
 My entrails to such depth as now with thirst of amorous ease."

The cunning Dame seem'd much incens'd, and said : " What words  
 are these,      280  
 Unsufferable Saturn's son ? What ! Here ! In Ida's height !  
 Desir'st thou this ? How fits it us ? Or what if in the sight  
 Of any God thy will were pleas'd, that he the rest might bring  
 To witness thy incontinence ? 'Twere a dishonour'd thing.

<sup>271</sup> This line wants a foot ; unless we read *Acrisius's*, which would destroy  
 the rhythm.

I would not show my face in heav'n, and rise from such a bed. 285

But, if love be so dear to thee, thou hast a chamber-stead,

Which Vulcan purposely contriv'd with all fit secrecy;

There sleep at pleasure." He replied: "I fear not if the eye

Of either God or man observe, so thick a cloud of gold

I'll cast about us that the sun, who furthest can behold, 290

Shall never find us." This resolv'd, into his kind embrace

He took his wife. Beneath them both fair Tellus strew'd the place

With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick that up aloft it bore

Their heav'ly bodies; with his leaves, did dewy lotus store

Th' Elysian mountain; saffron flow'rs and hyacinths help'd make 295

The sacred bed; and there they slept. When suddenly there brake

A golden vapour out of air, whence shining dews did fall,

In which they wrapt them close, and slept till Jove was tam'd withall.

Mean space flew Somnus to the ships, found Neptune out, and said:

"Now cheerfully assist the Greeks, and give them glorious head, 300

At least a little, while Jove sleeps; of whom through ev'ry limb

I pour'd dark sleep, Saturnia's love hath so illuded him."

This news made Neptune more secure in giving Grecians heart,

And through the first fights thus he stirr'd the men of most desert:

"Yet, Grecians, shall we put our ships, and conquest, in the hands

Of Priam's Hector by our sloth? He thinks so, and commands 305

With pride according; all because, Achilles keeps away.

Alas, as we were nought but him! We little need to stay

On his assistance, if we would our own strengths call to field,

And mutually maintain repulse. Come on then, all men yield 310

To what I order. We that bear best arms in all our host,

Whose heads sustain the brightest helms, whose hands are bristled most

With longest lances, let us on. But stay, I'll lead you all;

Nor think I but great Hector's spirits will suffer some appall,

Though they be never so inspir'd. The ablest of us then, 315

That on our shoulders worst shields bear, exchange with worser men

<sup>286</sup> Chamber-stead.—See Bk. v. 538, xiii. 348.

That fight with better." This propos'd, all heard it, and obey'd.  
 The kings, ev'n those that suffer'd wounds, Ulysses, Diomed,  
 And Agamemnon, helpt t' instruct the cōplete army thus:  
 To good gave good arms, worse to worse, yet none were mutinous. 320

Thus, arm'd with order, forth they flew; the great Earth-shaker led,  
 A long sword in his sinewy hand, which when he brandishéd  
 It lighten'd still, there was no law for him and it, poor men  
 Must quake before them. These thus mann'd, illustrious Hector then  
 His host brought up. The blue-hair'd God and he stretch'd through  
 the prease 325

A grievous fight; when to the ships and tents of Greece the seas  
 Brake loose, and rag'd. But when they join'd, the dreadful clamour rose  
 To such a height, as not the sea, when up the North-spirit blows  
 Her raging billows, bellows so against the beaten shore;  
 Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven with violent blore 330  
 Through woods that grow against a hill; nor so the fervent strokes  
 Of almost-bursting winds resound against a grove of oaks;  
 As did the clamour of these hosts, when both the battles clos'd.  
 Of all which noble Hector first at Ajax' breast dispos'd  
 His jav'lin, since so right on him the great-soul'd soldier bore; 335  
 Nor miss'd it, but the bawdricks both that his broad bosom wore,  
 To hang his shield and sword, it strook; both which his flesh preserv'd.  
 Hector, disdaining that his lance had thus as good as swerv'd,  
 Trode to his strength; but, going off, great Ajax with a stone,  
 One of the many props for ships, that there lay trampled on, 340  
 Strook his broad breast above his shield, just underneath his throat,  
 And shook him piecemeal; when the stone sprung back again, and  
 smote

Earth, like a whirlwind, gath'ring dust with whirring fiercely round,  
 For fervour of his unspent strength, in settling on the ground.  
 And as when Jove's bolt by the roots rends from the earth an oak, 345  
 His sulphur casting with the blow a strong unsavoury smoke,

<sup>320</sup> *Blore*.—Bk. II. 122.

<sup>343</sup> See Commentary.

And on the fall'n plant none dare look but with amaz'd eyes,  
(Jove's thunder being no laughing game) so bow'd strong Hector's thighs,  
And so with tost-up heels he fell, away his lance he flung,  
His round shield follow'd, then his helm, and out his armour rung. 350

The Greeks then shouted, and ran in, and hop'd to hale him off,  
And therefore pour'd on darts in storms, to keep his aid aloof;  
But none could hurt the people's Guide, nor stir him from his ground ;  
Sarpedon, prince of Lycia, and Glaucus so renown'd,  
Divine Agenor, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas, 355  
Rush'd to his rescue, and the rest. No one neglective was  
Of Hector's safety. All their shields, they couch'd about him close,  
Rais'd him from earth, and (giving him, in their kind arms, repose)  
From off the labour carried him, to his rich chariot,  
And bore him mourning towards Troy. But when the flood they got 361  
Of gulfy Xanthus, that was got by deathless Jupiter,  
There took they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there  
His temples with the stream. He breath'd, look'd up, assay'd to rise,  
And on his knees stay'd spitting blood. Again then clos'd his eyes,  
And back again his body fell. The main blow had not done 365  
Yet with his spirit. When the Greeks saw worthy Hector gone,  
Then thought they of their work, then charg'd with much more cheer the foc,  
And then, far first, Oiliades began the overthrow.

He darted Satnius Enops' son, whom famous Nais bore  
As she was keeping Enops' flocks on Satnius' river's shore, 370  
And strook him in his belly's rim, who upwards fell, and rais'd  
A mighty skirmish with his fall. And then Panthœdes seiz'd  
Prothenor Areilycides, with his revengeful spear,  
On his right shoulder, strook it through, and laid him breathless there ;  
For which he insolently bragg'd, and cried out : " Not a dart 375  
From great-soul'd Panthus' son, I think, shall ever vainlier part,  
But some Greek's bosom it shall take, and make him give his ghost."  
This brag the Grecians stomach'd much ; but Telamonius most,

<sup>350</sup> Neglective.—Like “respective,” Bk. xi. 689.

Who stood most near Prothenor's fall, and out he sent a lance,  
 Which Panthus' son, declining, 'scap'd, yet took it to sad chance 380  
 Archilochus, Antenor's son, whom heav'n did destinate  
 To that stern end ; 'twixt neck and head the jav'lin wrought his fate,  
 And ran in at the upper joint of all the back long bone,  
 Cut both the nerves ; and such a load of strength laid Ajax on,  
 As that small part he seiz'd outweigh'd all th' under limbs, and strook 386  
 His heels up, so that head and face the earth's possessions took,  
 When all the low parts sprung in air ; and thus did Ajax quit  
 Panthœdes' brave : " Now, Panthus' son, let thy prophetic wit  
 Consider, and disclose a truth, if this man do not weigh  
 Ev'n with Prothenor. I conceive, no one of you will say 396  
 That either he was base himself, or sprung of any base ;  
 Antenor's brother, or his son, he should be by his face ;  
 One of his race, past question, his likeness shows he is."

This spake he, knowing it well enough. The Trojans storm'd at this.  
 And then slew Acamas, to save his brother yet engag'd, 406  
 Bœotius, dragging him to spoil ; and thus the Greeks enrag'd :

" O Greeks, ev'n born to bear our darts, yet ever breathing threats,  
 Not always under tears and toils ye see our fortune sweats,  
 But sometimes you drop under death. See now your quick among  
 Our dead, intranc'd with my weak lance, to prove I have ere long 410  
 Reveng'd my brother. 'Tis the wish of ev'ry honest man  
 His brother, slain in Mars's field, may rest wreak'd in his fane."

This stirr'd fresh envy in the Greeks, but urg'd Peneleus most,  
 Who hurl'd his lance at Acamas ; he 'scap'd ; nor yet it lost  
 The force he gave it, for it found the flock-rich Phorbas' son, 416  
 Ilionëus, whose dear sire, past all in Ilion,  
 Was lov'd of Hermes, and enrich'd, and to him only bore  
 His mother this now slaughter'd man. The dart did undergo're  
 His eye-lid, by his eye's dear roots, and out the apple fell,  
 The eye pierc'd through. Nor could the nerve that stays the neck  
 repell 420

His strong-wing'd lance, but neck and all gave way, and down he dropp'd.  
Peneleus then unsheathe'd his sword, and from the shoulders chopp'd  
His luckless head ; which down he threw, the helm still sticking on,  
And still the lance fix'd in his eye ; which not to see alone  
Contented him, but up again he snatch'd, and show'd it all, 415  
With this stern brave : " Ilians, relate brave Ilionēus' fall  
To his kind parents, that their roofs their tears may overrun ;  
For so the house of Promachus, and Alegenor's son,  
Must with his wife's eyes overflow, she never seeing more  
Her dear lord, though we tell his death, when to our native shore 420  
We bring from ruin'd Troy our fleet, and men so long forgone."  
This said, and seen, pale fear possess'd all those of Ilion,  
And ev'ry man cast round his eye to see where death was not,  
That he might fly him. Let not then his grac'd hand be forgot,  
O Muses, you that dwell in heav'n, that first imbru'd the field 425  
With Trojan spoil, when Neptune thus had made their irons yield.

First Ajax Telamonius the Mysian captain slew,  
Great Hyrtius Gyrtiades. Antilochus o'erthrew  
Phalces and Mermer, to their spoil. Meriones gave end  
To Morys and Hippotion. Teucer to fate did send 430  
Prothoon and Periphetes. Atrides' jav'lin chac'd  
Duke Hyperenor, wounding him in that part that is plac'd  
Betwixt the short ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut  
Have pertinence ; the jav'lin's head did out his entrails cut,  
His forc'd soul breaking through the wound ; night's black hand clos'd 435  
his eyes.  
Then Ajax, great Oileus' son, had divers victories,  
For when Saturnius suffer'd flight, of all the Grecian race  
Not one with swiftness of his feet could so enrich a chace.

<sup>422</sup> See Commentary.

## COMMENTARIUS.

81." **O** *Πχαμε λαῶν. Princeps populorum* (the end of Ulysses' speech in the beginning of this book) which ascription our Spond. takes to be given in scorn, and that all Ulysses' speech is *σκωπτική*, or *scorning*, which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end, which was spoken *ηπιως, molliter, or benigne*, of purpose to make Agamemnon bear the better the justice of his other austerity.

92. *Καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὐχομαὶ εἰναι, et ego quoad genus glorior esse.* The long digression that follows this in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemnon's reply to Ulysses) bewrays an affectation he had by all anything-fit-means to talk of his pedigree; and by reason of that humour, hath shown his desire elsewhere to learn the pedigrees of others, as in the Sixth Book, in his inquiry of Glaucus' pedigree. And herein is expressed part of his character.

343. *Στρόμβον δ' ὡς, ἐσσενε βαλῶν, &c.* Overpassing, for speed, many things in this book that cry out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that which in most readers I know will be lost, I must only insist still on those parts that (in my poor understanding) could never yet find apprehension in any of our commentors or translators, as in this simile again of the whirlwind, to which the stone that Ajax hurled at Hector is resembled. Valla and Eobanus, Salel in French, so understanding. *Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwind.* Valla's words are these (translating *στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἐσσενε βαλῶν, περὶ δ' ἰδραμε πάντα* which, *ad verbum*, say thus much in every common translation: *Trochum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique.*) *Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c.* Eobanus converting it thus:—

— *Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.*

Which, though it harp upon the other, makes yet much worse music, saying, *Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He stood, yet was turned about violently.* How gross both are, I think the blindest see, and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthiness in these men to touch our Homer, esteeming it an extreme loss to the world to have this and the like undiscovered. For, as I apprehend it, being expressed no better than in my silly conversion (and the stone, not Hector, likened to the whirlwind) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homer's wit for the most fiery illustration both of Ajax' strength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to it as could not spend itself upon Hector, but turn after upon the earth in that whirlwind-like violence; of Hector, for standing it so solidly, for without that consideration the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plain and smug writers that, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them, their feathers not passing the pitch of every woman's capacity. And, indeed, where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writer's wit and the writee's (that I may speak with authority) according to my old lesson in philosophy: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and bombasted; and out of that word is spun that which they call our fustian, their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial but such gross sowtege, or hairpatch, as every goose may eat oats through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar reader's understanding, you see the great Master of all elocution hath written so darkly that almost three thousand suns have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places than here; and yet all pervial enough, you may well say, when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chief end why I extend this annotation is only to intreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so press, and puts on with so strong a current,